

Masthead Logo

**The Iowa Review**

Volume 24  
Issue 1 *Winter*

Article 40

1994

# My Hand

Liz Waldner

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

## Recommended Citation

Waldner, Liz. "My Hand." *The Iowa Review* 24.1 (1994): 189-190. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4742>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

see Elaine now lying down on the sidewalk,  
binoculars, paper, pen.  
That car came back slow, turned right,  
who cares. I had to  
look. More. The  
sharp shape of one oak leaf:  
more. Train roar  
along unlikely track  
in the middle of Hudson River water:  
more, more. I

thought of telling it: over water, through night,  
a train. Moon  
light through  
one of its windows, somebody's face,  
thinking of telling somebody this,  
imagining saying these words:  
I HAVE SOMETHING TO WRITE

made enough. Made spiderweb touching  
my left hand be  
the walking home to tell.  
Barbara was on the telephone; she made  
a face hello.

## MY HAND

My hand is like a house to me  
Thin, like the rest of me  
Small, hard—  
It's a perfectly good hand.

When I was a child  
I lived in this hand  
In the thin, hard light  
Of that time

In the fingernails  
Drawn down like shades  
So inside something  
Bad can happen

In perfectly good daylight.

When I come out, I come out the door  
Way my hands make for me  
Making me  
My own bright threshold.

Before I go out  
I hold my own hand  
I raise the shades  
So I can see

A cat  
A dog  
A horse  
A shelter

All perfectly good.